

WHITECAPS TERRORIZE RESIDENTS OF GEORGIA

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX
Editor and Proprietor

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A WOMAN PLUNGER.

SHE BETS LARGE AMOUNTS OF MONEY ON THE RACES AT THE ALEXANDRIA ISLAND, VA., TRACK.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
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AFTER THE AMERICA CUP.

American yachtsmen are busy guessing the dimensions of the challenger for the America Cup, that the Earl of Dunraven syndicate will build, should the Royal Yacht Squadron close the generous and sportsmanlike terms for the race offered by the New York Yacht Club.

With only the water-line length—eighty-nine feet—as the known quantity and that the boat will be a single-sticker, it is not to be expected that the predilections made will be absolutely correct, but yacht-building in Europe and America is now such an exact science and on so nearly parallel lines, except for the radical difference regarding the centreboard and keel, that the New York yachtsmen feel confident the new Valkyrie will not be a surprise.

O. Oliver Iselin's remark that the Vigilant was built for the sole purpose of winning the America Cup conveyed a lesson to the English. It is the only object G. L. Watson has kept in view in designing the craft for Dunraven. It will be designed especially for the course off Sandy Hook, and utterly regardless of the requirements of English waters or English weather. The success of the Britannia last season has been noted by Mr. Watson. Her good points, notably in turning to windward and coming around in stays faster than the Vigilant, make it quite certain that the new boat will be an improved Britannia. It will be built at D. & W. Henderson's Meadowside Yards, on the Clyde, where Mr. Watson has already no less than £80,000 in work contracted for this season.

Hard as the Americans are guessing, they are not puzzling any more than the British yachtsmen. Whether Herreshoff has exhausted his ideas, or still has wonders unrevealed, is keeping many an English tar awake o' nights. The work of the ten-rater, the Dakotah, on the Clyde last season, and the fact that a winning cup-defender has always been produced when wanted, are spurs to their thoughts.

MASKS AND FACES.

Girls Who Want to Pose as
Living Pictures.

SOME ARE VERY SHAPELY.

Managers Tire of Life After Interviewing
Women from Six to Sixty.

TYPES OF STAGE ADVENTURESSES.

"I want to be a living picture!"
That is the burden of the song she sings. She is the same young lady of Gotham—and her double is legion



BEFORE THE POSE.

In other parts of earth—who at one time wanted to be an angel, and who at another wanted to be an actress.

She wants to be a living picture. You may try to persuade her or yourself that she really doesn't, but she does. She is in earnest—dead earnest, and no mistake about it. It is true that the living picture craze has more than one feature—the one most apparent to the public—the craze of the theatre-goers to patronize the houses where living pictures were a part of the performance.

A phase of the craze—that seems in itself of sufficient proportions to phase the ordinary theatrical manager or agent—is the birth of ambition in the hearts of many of the modest young women of the city to become living pictures. Some of them are living pictures now—pictures of distress—and such as these have not yet become living pictures of any other class, nor are they likely to get an opportunity to inflict themselves on audiences in this city.

"It is truly remarkable," said Carver B. Cline, business manager of Koster & Bial's, "how the fancy seems to be growing. We have young women coming here, with more frequency than ever lately, to apply for positions as posing as living pictures. I would be pleased if you would state that we have all the young ladies we can employ, and that if we wanted any more we have a

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waiting list of selected ones already large enough to supply all the wants of the season. All this crusade against living pictures is nonsense. We at this house are in touch with the leading painters and sculptors in the city, and all of the young women who appear on our stage are professional artists' models and were sent to us by the artists for whom they regularly pose. It seems to have been imagined by the public that the young woman who could pose in a living picture in the way that they are put on the stages now must be bereft of all modesty, and Lady Somerset and her co-laborers seem to have conceived the idea that they ought to reform these young women, whom they imagine are depraved. Now, it is well known among artists and professional people, and fairly understood among intelligent people, that artists' models are of a peculiarly modest and respectable type.

"Any artist will tell you that the young woman who will pose has a certain confidence in herself and her character that furnishes her with the necessary courage, while a woman who is at all lacking in self-respect, you understand, cannot be hired to pose for any price. This is not theory; this is fact, and you will not have to speak to more than one or two first-class artists to have it confirmed. These young women pose as models in the day-

occasional visit from a needy Thespian was in the shape of an application to pose as George Washington, Richard Croker, or some other personage whose image is calculated to arouse enthusiasm.

When I found my way to Mr. Rice's office a few days ago, I learned instantly that gentleman's sentiments on the subject.

"I suppose you have many applications from people who want to be living pictures?"

"Yes, yes, yes! And we have many more than we could possibly utilize. Now, I should be glad to take your name and all that kind of thing," he said, rapidly, "but it is of no use, for we don't want any men at all."

I modestly protested that I had no ambition to become a living picture, and explained what he did want.

"What a relief!" exclaimed Mr. Rice.

"Now you have a chance to do me a favor here, and I would feel grateful. Just say that we have all the pictures we want. Any one who comes to me only wastes their time and voice. Why, would you believe it, I have had little girls not out of their pinafores come up to the box office window down at the Garden Theatre and ask for the manager, and when the man at the window asks what they want, they say, 'I want to be a living picture.'"

"Oh! There's a craze for it, and at times I am almost tempted to take the pictures off, just to stop the annoyance. We have ladies—I hope they will pardon me—old enough to look at life more seriously who come here and want to be living pictures. A remarkable part of it is that most of them have decided already what would make a hit in the way of a new picture, and they always want to explain it to me.

Sometimes I can't escape. I had a great time here only a few days ago with a woman—an old maid, I should judge—who told me that young people did not know what love was, but she knew she could set the town wild if I would let her go on at the Garden and give some loving poses. I told her I believed she would set the town wild, but she did not appreciate the point apparently, for she kept warming up to the subject. She actually insisted on making some poses for me.

"Striking! Well, striking does not express it. When she wanted me to pose with her and let some of my friends pass judgment on it, I drew the line. I had very important business down the street just then."

At the Imperial Music Hall living pictures held the day—or the evening—for some time, but when the fantastic burlesque, "Old Age and Youth," was put on, the living picture idea was abolished in its recognized form.

In "Old Age and Youth" the first scene shows Fairyland, and there Malachreno, the aged sculptor, by gracious act of Victorine, Queen of the Enchanted Realm, is permitted to gaze upon all the works of his life, gathered together from all parts of the world

by a wave of the magic wand. In this scene manager Kraus decided to have fifty young women pose on pedestals, and to gather them was a task to scare a bold man. Advertisements were inserted in the daily papers and theatrical agents received the tip. Manager Kraus is now thankful that he is alive.

"The number of applicants was simply astounding. We wanted fifty girls, and we actually had 500 here looking for the places," said Mr. Donohue. "We had the hardest kind of work to weed out the undesirable ones and make selections. You would have been astonished, though, to see the army of aspirants that came to us. They included all kinds, descriptions and ages of girls and women. We had quite a number of applications from girls in dry goods stores, and some of the waitresses and other girls in the mansions of the city. Typewriter girls were not without a good representation, and, of course, the theatrical people were in evidence. I'm so glad the weeding process is all over."

These are iconoclastic days in the theatre, and there are probably to be sacrifices which nobody ever could have foreseen.

Even in England the press is trying to drive out of popular appreciation a figure which we have long regarded as a part of our contemporary drama. It is the lady whom we love not so much for what she is as for what she has been, and who presents herself to us with the one claim to our sympathy that she has been successively a very good and then a very bad person before her audience ever knew her.

In the usual course of things we are likely to care for acquaintances rather more for what they are than for what they may have been at a time when we never knew or heard of them. If they were bad and enjoyed themselves, we might momentarily regret the fact that we knew them only when they had decided to be good again and were having a rather hard time of it, so that all we knew was the rather barren pleasure of giving them a lift along the thorny path which repentance or may be dwindling opportunity had decided them to follow. The ladies with their past have generally introduced themselves with such an apology for inviting our sympathy and friendship.

Perhaps the ordinary every-day life this would not have proved much of a recommendation. We might have resented that none of the old days at Monte Carlo or Biarritz, or any of those other localities which are so productive of these stage ladies, should have been shared with us. We might have told the lady that as long as we had none of the loaves and fishes, it was ungrateful to ask that we lend a hand in the reformation. On the Rialto a few days ago.

They were discussing a well-known actress, who has, alas! become passé.

"You can say what you like," quoth one, "but she's a most finished actress."

"Yes," retorted the other, "thoroughly finished—finished long ago."

WOMAN AND HER LOVERS.

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time at various studios and pose here at the pictures in the evening, and for any one to accuse them of being anything but modest is the rankest kind of injustice—injustice, too, that is the essence of absurdity. Their

salaries here are, on the average, about \$12 and \$15 a week, and that is a very acceptable addition to what they earn in the studios. Lady Somerset would simply deprive them of this money and would in no way retire them from their occupation, but would only cut off one means of income."

Having done that side of the question Mr. Cline turned to another.

"Do we have many applicants? I should say so, and yet you understand now, of course, that we would never hire any of these. Some are very odd, especially those who come with the idea that they are conferring a favor on us by letting us know that they are willing to go on. We had one

young woman who said she had appeared in New Jersey, in tights. I did not ask her if New Jersey recovered, but she kept up the conversation, so there was no embarrassing pause. She also volunteered the information that she had appeared in some towns in Pennsylvania, and stated as clichés to her argument, that she could play the drum. She did not bring her drum with her," continued Mr. Cline, "so we could not engage her. I was sorry to send her back to Jersey—sorry for Jersey, you know—but it couldn't be helped. We had a young girl come here one time to ask for the privilege of posing as Cupid. She said everybody thought she had perfect Cupid lips, but unfortunately we had no vacancy for her. Two Japanese girls came here one day and said they could give all the living pictures one would want in an evening. Did we engage them? Ha! Ha! No, it is hardly necessary to say we did not."

Edward E. Rice, the father of numberless comic operas, has had his share of annoyance from would-be living pictures. He very fortunately has his office several blocks distant from the Garden Theatre, where his latest Kilanyis are being presented in "Little Christopher," and in this way escapes many of the more wild-eyed aspirants. Owing to his long connection with that line of theatrical business, however, he is personally known to a horde of erstwhile chorus girls as well as a galaxy of whilom comic opera stars. In this way he has been continually subjected to applications, and has been obliged to use his best ingenuity to turn down his former employes without being rude or unkind.

The strain has taxed his patience very severely. He has not had to suffer from women alone, either, but an

A VERY MYSTERIOUS CASE.

Mrs. Scott and J. W. Ogden
Met for "Soul Communion."

IT LED TO A LAWSUIT.

Mr. Scott Alleges that Mr. Ogden Has
Alienated His Wife's Affections.

THEIR FRIENDSHIP WAS PLATONIC.

John W. Ogden, an engineer in the service of the Consolidated Gas Company, of New York City, whose family live at No. 499 Quincy street, Brooklyn, is the defendant in a suit brought by William H. Scott, of No. 517 Lexington avenue, that city, for the alienation of Mrs. Scott's affections, and the woman practically admits her infatuation for Ogden, but insists that there were no grounds that would warrant divorce.

While acknowledging that for seven years she has been under the spell of his influence, and that for almost twelve months she has been his companion for hours every working day in a furnished room far away from the home of either, she insists that the meetings were held solely for "soul communion." This might have gone on until the beatified beings were translated into that rarefied air for which they were training if Mrs. Ogden had not discovered that her husband, instead of going home when he left his office at five o'clock in the afternoon, went to the house No. 193 Bridge street, Brooklyn, where he remained with Mrs. Scott until nearly eight o'clock.

Mr. Ogden, the defendant in the suit, is forty-five, tall and angular. He looks like a clergyman, and has always been noted for the depth and apparent sincerity of his religious convictions. Mrs. Ogden is slight, pale and middle aged. There are two sons in the family, one in business in Dey street and the other in college. There was no severance of the family relations until Mrs. Ogden discovered that her husband was so attentive to Mrs. Scott.

Mr. Scott about eight years ago was a hatter near Middletown, N. Y. Mrs. Lottie Scott, his wife, was a prepossessing woman of thirty-five, the mother of a boy and a girl, who are now rapidly approaching manhood and womanhood.

It was in Middletown that Mr. Ogden first became acquainted with the Scott family. He had gone to live on a farm there, and sold milk. Among his customers were the Scotts, and it was in this way that he began to commune with the woman of the house. She was religious, a member of the Church and recognized among her neighbors as charitable and prayerful. Mr. Ogden was inclined that way himself. He was also a church member, and his devotional exercises were considered powerful in leading the wicked to repentance.

So it went on for three years, and then the Ogdens moved to Brooklyn, Mr. Ogden obtaining the place in the gas company's offices that he now holds. Mrs. Scott visited the family about this time, and in talking about the hard times she mentioned incidentally that Mr. Scott was feeling the pressure. This moved the charitable Mr. Ogden, who said he could get a place for Mr. Scott in the Consolidated Gas Company, and he did. It didn't seem to be much of a position, that of a valve man, but it paid fair wages, and Mr. Scott, strangely enough, found that his work was altogether at night. Under the arrangement he was away from home from five in the afternoon until seven the next morning, and by a peculiar coincidence Mr. Ogden was through just at five every afternoon.

Five weeks ago Mrs. Ogden found it necessary to visit her husband at his place of business, No. 4 Irving place, this city. He was never home before 8 o'clock in the evening, and she was sure she would find him in when she called at five. But he was not there, and she found to her utter surprise that it was customary with him to leave every afternoon at five. Then she employed a detective, who quickly discovered that he was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Scott, in Bridge street. The Scott family were not so slow about finding out how things were. They had been shadowing the couple for six months, and were aware of the soul communions that were going on.

Mr. Scott himself precipitated matters two weeks ago. He went to the Ogden house, in Quincy street, and asked for an explanation. There was a stormy scene, and Ogden retired before the clouds were altogether dissipated. Scott hurried home to get an explanation from his wife, but found her sitting on the sofa beside Ogden.

Their hands were clasped, and they were engaged in apparent mental prayer. Scott did not know how to take this condition of affairs. Neither his wife nor Ogden was apparently moved by his presence. They kept on just the same.

Mr. Scott sought the Rev. W. C. P. Rhoades, pastor of the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church, to which both belonged. The clergyman endeavored to smooth matters over. He tried to break off the relations between the man and the woman, but both Mr. Ogden and Mrs. Scott insisted that there was nothing wrong in their meetings. They explained that the room in Bridge street had been hired for charitable purposes. They also did a little literary work there.

Mr. Ogden left his family and hired a room in this city. Mrs. Scott went with her father, George Stevens, to Plainfield, N. J., where they have since remained.

It was learned that the original affinity between the Ogden and Scott families was partly brought about by the care and attention bestowed on John W. Ogden's mother while she was ill. Her illness lasted for months and Mrs. Scott cared for her tenderly. Mrs. Ogden in return left a sum of money to Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. John W. Ogden told a reporter that she had

never heard of the suit, nor did she care to talk about it. She called her son into the parlor and told him that he could explain the case. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden have been married about twenty-five years, and the family had lived happily up to within a comparatively recent period.

"We made the acquaintance of the Scotts about eight years ago, at Middletown, N. Y.," said the young man. "My father owned a farm there, and he sold milk. Scott was a hatter, and worked whenever he could get work. When father returned to Brooklyn, after we had lived three years in Middletown, he got Scott employment as valveman at the works of the Consolidated Gas Company. The Scotts have now been living here about five years. They joined the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church of their own seeking. We did not induce them, as has been said, to join."

"My husband used to be a good Christian man. I don't know what to think of him now," remarked Mrs. Ogden. "He has written me once since he left the house, two weeks ago to-day. He didn't say whether he was going to return or not."

"Yes, it was two weeks ago that Mr. Scott came here and accused Mr. Ogden. He was quite angry, but he made no threats," continued young Mr. Ogden. "He said to Mr. Ogden, 'A nice thing for a man to do to come to his house and take his wife's affections away.' 'That's all over now,' Mr. Ogden retorted, and he got up and walked out of the house."

"What excited our suspicions, my brother and myself, was this. About six months ago a cousin of Mrs. Scott incidentally made the remark that Mrs. Scott was never at home in the evening, and, of course, we knew that Mr. Ogden was never at home in the evening. Then my brother and I set a detective on his track, and we found that they used to meet at a house in Bridge street. Mrs. Scott has not been visiting here for



THEY DID LITERARY WORK.

three years or more.

Mother was not very much pleased with her when she did call, as she thought that her conduct was a little bit more than friendly. Consequently she was very cool to Mrs. Scott, who finally stopped calling. Pastor Rhoades, at mother's request, visited Mrs. Scott and spoke to her with the object in view of getting her to do what was right. This was a week ago. We have read in a paper that Mr. Ogden is now in Plainfield, N. J. That is all we know about him. As to the idea of platonic friendship in this case, that sentiment may exist in Mars, or in some other planet than our own, that we are not familiar with. That is all I can say."

When a reporter called at the home of William H. Scott, No. 517 Lexington avenue, the door was opened by a young woman, who told him that she was the servant girl. Mr. Scott had gone to his work, she said, and he would not be home until the next morning. Mr. Scott's son, she said, was in Texas, and Miss Scott, who was on a visit to a friend in the country, would not be home until next week. As for Mrs. Scott, the domestic said that she had no idea where she could be found.

At No. 193 Bridge street the front door was opened by an elderly woman. She said she never had a man named Ogden in her house, but told of a man who was known to her as Mr. Williams, and who rented a room to do some literary work. A young man and a young woman, who also came to the door, admitted that Mr. Williams hired a small hall room in the house to use it for business purposes, and that he used the room for a year, until about six weeks ago.

"What sort of work did he do in the room?" asked the reporter.

"Writing," replied the young man.

"Did a woman come to the room?"

"Yes. He and she came almost every day; sometimes in the morning, but generally in the evening. They were usually here from five to eight o'clock in the evening."

"Did he say what relation the woman bore to him?"

"No, he didn't," said the young woman, "nobody asked him. He rented the room as an office, and it was furnished as such. There was no furniture in the room but a table and two chairs."

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Lawyer Rufus L. Scott, who has been retained by Mr. Ogden to look after his side of the case, said: "Only the summons in the case has so far been served on Mr. Ogden, the plaintiff having twenty days in which to forward the complaint. Until I have seen the complaint I can say nothing about the matter. I believe that the trial will be held in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn."

Mrs. Scott, who is in Plainfield, N. J., said that her lawyer had told her to say nothing, but she admitted that the story was in the main true. She said Ogden was not there, but came out a little while evenings. She believed that platonic friendship could be pure, and added that there was nothing improper between her and Ogden.

JACK THE HUGGER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The residents of the western part of Wilmington, Del., are being terrorized by the actions of a strange man who is known as "Jack the Hugger." The mysterious "Jack" plays his tricks after dark. Hiding himself in some dark alley or behind a tree box, he lies in wait for his victims, around whom he throws his long arms and hugs them violently. His victims are all females.

The authorities are making a vigilant search for the fellow, and the matrons of the Police Department have been instructed to patrol the district where the hugger usually masquerades, a policeman following at a short distance. Each matron is provided with a whistle, which she will blow the minute "Jack" appears.

A BRAVE YOUNG WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An attempt was recently made to rob the Union Pacific depot, at Bonner Springs, Kan. The office was in charge of Miss Fannie Nesbitt, night operator. The

waiting-room Bertha returned home with the avowed intention of following him to the end of the earth.

Owsley is 40 years old, and has been concerned in numerous escapades. Only last week a prominent citizen of Darlington fired three shots at him when he found him at his home with his wife.

Miss Wilson is 20 years old, and has been quite a social belle. Her father swears vengeance on the doctor.

A WOMAN PLUNGER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A woman who bets as high as a thousand dollars on a race is just now the object of a great deal of curiosity among the set which watches the races from the grand stand at Alexandria Island, Va. At the big tracks a woman whose wagers would average away up in the hundreds would not attract a great amount of attention, because there are scores of them who bet their money with the calm confidence of the veteran male plunger.

At the Island, however, where very few men, even the horse owners themselves, bet a thousand, the woman plunger has become a celebrity, and the messengers who place wagers in the ring for occupants of the stand are besieged with requests to point her out, which requests are generally refused; for, strange to say, the woman plunger shrinks from notoriety, and the messengers, probably for good and sufficient reasons, respect her wishes as far as in their power.

Whether she wins or loses, and it is the former more frequently, it seems to make very little difference, and it would be a hard matter for any one to judge from her manner at the finish whether her horse had come first or last. She bet \$1,000 on a horse to finish second on Friday against \$500, and she won the bet.

She is supposed to be several thousands ahead of the game so far. Her acquaintance with owners and jockeys seems to be very limited, and there is no record of her having applied to any of them for information. Some of the bookmakers say the woman plunger is just now enjoying a streak of luck, and that she will drop her winnings back in the ring eventually. Nobody seems to know her real name, but the grand stand habitués refer to her as Mrs. Lawrence, and it is understood that her home is in New York.

PRETTY BALLET SYLPHS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The girls who appear in the ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York city, are not the class of ballet girls who lead the champagne-truffle existence one reads about in books; but honest, hard-working women, who regard their occupation as a matter of business, and go through with it as such. They play their parts, keep to themselves and mind their own affairs; then don their street costumes and go home, with the comforting knowledge of having earned their salaries and pleased their manager.

And as the little women—just like other ordinary women in every respect, and in most cases entirely devoid of paint and powder—slip through the stage door into the night, there are none of the beardless youth of fancy or fiction waiting outside with beating hearts and fat purses, aching to take the "fairies" off to Del's for a jolly supper.

Dear, no! The radiant ballet girls, transformed into ordinary women in dark gowns and small toque hats, walk quietly home, usually to husband and little ones, and take up the cares of a household, until it is time for rehearsal the next day. And rehearsals, by the way, are the horror of both ballet and chorus. In some of the operas they have little or nothing to do during the performance, but they are compelled to rehearse from three to four hours each day.

The ballet is composed mostly of Americans, though one of the most picturesque girls among them is a Swede, a tall, blond beauty named Ellen Ringquist, at whose superb figure all glances were focussed during the grand ballet scene in "Faust." Miss Ringquist used to dance in the Royal Opera at Stockholm, which is supported by the Government.

The girls who join the ballet are taught, when very young, at the expense of the Government, which makes a sort of a life contract with them.

When they are too old to do service any longer they are pensioned off. No doubt this governmental process for the cultivation of operatic classical music is what puts the countries of Europe so far ahead of America in all high arts.

Another pretty girl in this ballet is little Mrs. Sheehan, wife of the tenor of that name. In the operatic company of the Bostonians. Mrs. Sheehan will leave the stage, however, at the close of this season's grand opera.

GEORGE F. GREENE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George F. Greene is better known as Young Corbett. The Victor Athletic Club, of Tacoma, Wash., have offered a purse of \$2,500 for a fight between McAuliffe and Greene. The latter has successively defeated Billy Cramer, Eddy Toadvin, Billy Dooly, twice, Jack King, James Whelan, Spider Kelly and Frank Kelly. He was only defeated by Paddy Smith, at Roby, Ind., after 27 rounds of hot fighting.

CHARLES T. MAHONEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles T. Mahoney, the noted sporting man, whose portrait appears in this issue, is well known in all parts of the country. He lives in this city, and is a backer of game dogs. Mahoney is very popular in Sixth avenue and among the famous sporting resorts on Broadway, and he has a legion of friends.

WILLIAM CRUSH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William Crush, whose features are portrayed elsewhere in this issue, is the general passenger agent of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, with headquarters in Texas. He is a great favorite everywhere with travelling men and theatrical people.

A FATAL SIN.

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DOROTHY DENNING.

A JUNOESQUE SERPENTINE DANCER, NOTED FOR HER BEAUTY AS WELL AS HER SHAPELINESS.



SHOT HIS STEPDAUGHTER.

JOSEPH A. BEAN, IN A FURIOUS FIT OF INSANITY, BRUTALLY MURDERS MRS. ANNIE L. LEAHY, AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.



WEDDED IN JAIL.

THE ROMANCE OF A TEXAS GIRL AND AN ENGLISH ARMY OFFICER'S SON HAS A HAPPY TERMINATION, AT COLUMBUS, O.



FOUGHT IN THE GREENROOM.

A LITTLE INNOCENT FACE POWDER CAUSES A LIVELY ROW BETWEEN TWO NEW YORK CHORUS GIRLS.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

It Is Caused By White Caps
In Georgia.

SEVEN NEGROES ARE SHOT.

All Are Lynched By a Mob in Revenge
For an Unprovoked Murder.

WOMEN ARE HORRIBLY ABUSED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

I have just returned from a week's stay in Murray county, in Georgia, which is the centre of the region terrorized by the White Caps organization, which the United States authorities are endeavoring so hard to break up. The organization not only has existed there since the Ku Klux days of reconstruction, but it has grown so that it rules the entire county, dictating the politics, "regulating" the people, protecting the moonshiners and dealing out death to the informers and spies.

Credited to this organization are some of the blackest crimes in the history of the State—crimes that have gone unpunished because, by the perfection of the organization, the State courts have been rendered helpless—rendered so, too, because some of the most prominent men in Murray, Gordon and Whitfield counties have become members of the organization or have given it aid. The stories that have come from there have been traced to their sources, and the information upon which the United States authorities have been trying to secure convictions is thoroughly and completely substantiated.

The first stories that came to the District Attorney's office were from Deputy Marshal "Tom" Wright and two "moonshiners," "Jim" Chastain and W. I. Hammick. They declared that there was an oath-bound organization in Murray county, extending into Glimmer, Whitfield and Gordon counties, which embraced in its membership, not merely the illegal distillers, but the substantial farmers, the county officers, and in many cases the leading business and professional men and clergymen of four counties. It was organized many years ago by the distillers in the Cohutta and Fort Mountains.

Its purpose at first was to protect its members against informers and to furnish bonds for one another in case of arrest, and to procure witnesses who would swear in such a way as to effect the release of the man under arrest. Later on, as men in the valleys wanted protection from suspicion of informing, they joined the order to be aided still later by men seeking office who needed the votes they knew such adhesion would bring them. Between fear and flattery and hope of reward, this organization spread until it covered all the counties named, and even beyond. Later the name was changed to that of the "Regulators," as it now stands, or, in the ordinary parlance of the common people there, the Ku Klux.

It has more than eight hundred members in the three counties of Murray, Gordon and Whitfield. They stand together as one man in politics and everything else. In its ranks are many of the preachers living in the territory named.

Hammick was badly shot and crippled by the men whom he betrayed. Sixty members of the society went one night to the cabin of Hammick's father to blow it up with dynamite, and thus destroy the lives of men, women and children. The barking of a faithful watch dog awoke the inmates, and a few discharges of shot-guns sent the marauders scurrying down the mountain.

With Chastain they were more successful. He went up the mountain one night, since which time nothing has been heard of him. Since the development of the Roper story, a few weeks later, it is probable that the body of Chastain, with no one knows how many others, lies at the bottom of the pits which are to be found all along the mountain sides in that county.

It was not alone in punishing the informer that the society is used. It is part of their obligation as grand jurors to see that no indictments are found, and as petit jurors to see that such indictments as did get through the Grand Jury should be made nugatory by refusals to find verdicts of guilty. In the emergency the State Solicitor has been forced to nolle prosequi numerous cases in which he was satisfied of the guilt of the accused, but could not rely upon his jurors for verdicts. In the cases where there were convictions the clan stood ready to break jail and set the convict at liberty.

A notorious case in point was that of Tom Hill, a murderer, who was released on the night following his conviction, and is now at large. The two crimes which have made the regulators most notorious were the attempted murder of Will Roper and the brutal killing of Henry Worley. Roper, who was sleeping with a neighbor, near Fort Mountain, was awakened by a band of men at midnight, placed on a horse and driven several miles to one of the old copper pits in the side of the Cohuttas. These pits, which are to be found all the way down from Bucktown, in Tennessee, were dug half a century ago, during the copper mining excitement. Some of them are filled with debris, while others, which were very deep, have been only partially filled.

It was into one of these, now seventy feet deep, but originally eighty, that the midnight murderers threw Roper. With a kick, he was sent into the chasm, a dozen bullets flying after him, which struck all parts of his body, and the men turned away, satisfied that nothing more would ever be heard of Roper. For three days some of the clan would come and look down the hole to see if there had been any disturbance. The fifth day a neighbor, hunting for a cow, observing the many tracks around the pit, approached it and looked

down. Roper, considerably more dead than alive, was rescued, came back to consciousness under the care of physicians, was brought to Atlanta, and after a while was able to tell his story.

The story of the Worley tragedy has already been told. Worley was, by his own account, "the gamest man in the mountains," and after making his escape in a marvellous manner from the lynchers' noose he was shot down in cold blood by four agents of the gang. Worley's own mother, wife and brother are said to have had a hand directly or indirectly in his death.

United States Deputy Marshal Tom Wright, who made the arrests which first led to the disclosures cited above, is himself now under arrest. Wright has been known for years as a notorious law breaker in Murray county. He is an appointee of the present administration. Many stories are told of his recklessness and his crimes. The assault on the home of a man named Chandler several years ago was most thrilling.

Chandler and his wife had recently come into the country from South Carolina, and by some means had incurred the dislike of the members of the clan. It was shortly after midnight one night that the cabin home of Chandler was surrounded by a throng of men in masks. A detail broke in the door, seized the affrighted man, and, taking him out, stripped him of all his clothes, and with trace chains and plow lines began to flog him until the blood coursed down his back. The terrified wife, held back by two strong men, was forced to look upon the scene. At last, by a superhuman effort, she broke their grasp, ran to the chief leader of the party, snatched his mask from his face, and there stood exposed to view the face of the man who was afterward chosen to be deputy United States Marshal.

Chandler was afterward run out of the country to keep him from being a witness in the case against the clan. Mrs. Chandler, scared almost to insanity, hid in the woods when the court met, and it was only by the utmost diligence of Judge Milner that she was found. So well had the Ku Klux played their game, however, that it was of no use to proceed with the case, and Mrs. Chandler was only saved from further violence.



WOMEN WERE FLOGGED.

lence by leaving the town under the personal protection of Judge Milner.

These men are charged with the brutal treatment of the Thurman family. The Thurman family consisted of a father, seventy years of age; a mother, sixty-five years old, and a twenty-year-old daughter, Miss Vada Thurman. The three were asleep when the bursting open of the door and the entrance of a dozen men, masked and bearing torches, awoke them. Two men held Mrs. Thurman, while others, seizing the father and daughter, marched them out into the front yard, where with short leather straps they unmercifully flogged the two victims.

"Pa is an old man," shouted Miss Vada to the miscreants, "and cannot stand that. I am willing to suffer twice as much if you will let go of him." But no such appeal could reach the stony hearts of these men, who piled the straps until blood flowed from the backs of both. Mrs. Thurman escaped from the hands of the two men who held her, and ran to the aid of her daughter.

"Let's give the old hell cat a dose, too," exclaimed the man who held the longest strap. Instantly the covering was torn from the shoulders of the mother, and blow after blow descended, until her flesh was lacerated and beaten almost into a jelly of flesh and blood.

On the other side of Murray county lies Whitfield, which has also been terrorized by the secret clan, in this case much bolder, because it has the temerity to invade a large town like Dalton, where it captured the town Marshal, stationed sentinels at every corner and proceeded with its work of housebreaking and murder. This was noticeably so in the case of the murder of a negro, Wilson, several years ago. A mob of about one hundred entered the town and proceeded to the house of one Moye, where the regulators proceeded to whip him.

NO HOODOO ABOUT THIS, No. 13.

"Mistress or Wife?" By Paul de Kock, No. 13, of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. An exquisite story, in the best vein of the famous French writer, with 22 unique illustrations. Price by mail, securely wrapped, 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

This unexpected visitation alarmed Wilson, next door, who was shot down and killed by the mob, which then retired from the scene. Not a man has ever been indicted, notwithstanding the urgent appeals of Judge Milner in his charges, in which he said that the curse of Almighty God would rest upon Dalton until she had brought to justice the murderers of that inoffensive negro.

The killing of Marshal Keister, of Spring Place, has also been covered up and the perpetrator spirited away. And so the story might be extended indefinitely, a weary rehearsal of intrigue, intimidation and murder, enough to make a man doubt if he was living in a land of law and order.

Brooks county, on the southern border of Georgia, is in a fever of excitement over the lynching of seven negroes in revenge for the killing of one white man, and unless all signs fall many more persons, both white and colored, will lose their lives before the trouble is ended.

Thus far the following negroes have met their deaths at the hands of an angry mob of white citizens:

FRAZER, ELI, shot.

PIKE, SAMUEL, shot.

SHERWOOD, HARRY, shot.

TAYLOR, SAMUEL, shot.

THREE NEGROES, names unknown, reported killed.

Several negroes of both sexes are in jail. That they, too, will be taken out and hanged or shot appears almost certain.

Two bodies of armed and determined men, each numbering between 400 and 500, the one white, the other colored, and separated by less than a mile of country, are liable to clash at any moment. Each side is actuated by bitter hate and revenge. When they meet a heavy

After the capture of McCall and the Herring boys the pursuit was continued. The pursuing party was augmented from time to time until it numbered more than four hundred.

When it developed that the same gang of negroes had sworn to kill other white men, the whites banded themselves together as with one accord, and started on their work of revenge.

Of the seven negroes who were killed by the angry whites I was only able, after visiting the scene, to obtain the names of four. I found the locality in the wildest state of excitement. Every cross road was picketed by armed sentinels, and every man I met was armed to the teeth. There are probably eight hundred men under arms within an area of five square miles.

I found about half a mile from the home of the Isoms a body of two hundred whites, heavily armed and breathing all sorts of vengeance. Half a mile further on was a band of an equal number of negroes, armed with rifles, pistols, axes, clubs and every conceivable sort of weapon. There was grim determination in their faces as they awaited the coming attack.

The blacks are entrenched in and around a lot of negro cabins in the midst of a thick grove of cottonwood trees, and the latest information is that the whites are advancing on them from two sides.

I learned later, further particulars of the killing of four of the negroes. Sam Taylor, stepfather of Waverly Pike, was seen slipping through the woods. He was seized and asked to reveal young Pike's hiding place. He refused to comply and was shot in his tracks. Samuel Pike, the murderer's father, met the same fate.

Eli Frazer, at whose house Pike stopped on the day of the murder, was captured and given the alternative of revealing Pike's whereabouts or being killed. He was shot dead before he had a chance to say anything.

Harry Sherwood, a boon companion of Pike, was also caught and shot. Mrs. Pike, the murderer's wife, was also captured. She refused to tell where her husband had concealed himself, and was taken to jail.

Capt. E. Tillman, the murdered man's father-in-law, is doing everything in his power to restrain the whites. He has hurried messengers all over the county summoning to his aid conservative men, in the hope that they will prevent further bloodshed.

Many of Isom's neighbors, who are in the crowd of pursuers, will not listen to any peaceful talk. They declare that for the sake of their wives and children, as well as for their own safety, they must stamp out the gang of negroes who have sworn to murder some of their number.

The whites have had terrible provocation to feel as they do. Mr. Mouldin, a peaceful and respectable citizen was shot down, without provocation, in the public highway three weeks ago by two worthless negroes, who are now in jail.

It was openly stated that while Mouldin's life blood was flowing out by the roadside, a gang of negroes, exulting over the deed of their associates, danced about the body, shouting with glee and threatening to kill many more white men before the end of the month.

The whites endured this outrage in silence, but when the news was spread of Isom's murder, they determined to endure no longer, but to wreak vengeance upon the murderers.

Pike, the murderer of Isom, has not yet been captured. If he is caught, he will probably be tortured before being put to death.

SHE USED HER PISTOL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sheriff Douthitt has been called to Elwood, Pa., to guard the non-union employees of the tin-plate mill which has been put in operation. About sixty men and women are at work.

Susie Weaver, a Pittsburg, Pa., girl employed in the mill, was jeered on her way home by some women sympathizers of the former employees. She drew a 42-calibre revolver, fired several shots in the air and the women beat a hasty retreat. It is rumored that threats have been made to burn the hotel where the workmen are quartered, and it is closely guarded.

THOMAS SHARKEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Thomas Sharkey is the champion middle-weight of the United States Navy. The following is a list of his various battles: Fought an eight round draw with Nick Bury, of San Francisco; beat J. Langly, of H. M. S. "Champion," in eight rounds; beat "Rough" Thompson, of the same ship, in two rounds; beat Matt Mulverhill, of San Francisco, in twenty rounds. His last match was with "Sailor" Brown. He knocked him down seven times in the first round and had him out, but "Sailor" clinched to avoid a knockout, when Sharkey threw him bodily from him, thereby losing the fight on a foul.

DOROTHY DENNING.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Dorothy Denning is a handsome dancer, whose shapely outlines are familiar to New York theatre goers. She was at Koster & Bial's for a long time and frequently appears at the several theatres directed by B. F. Keith, the originator of the continuous performance. Miss Denning comes from Buffalo, N. Y., where she had a prominent social position.

CARL VICTOR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Carl Victor, the champion amateur weight-lifter of Indiana. Victor belongs to Evansville, Ind., and he has made quite a reputation lifting big weights and dumbbells. Victor has issued a challenge to Sampson, Kennedy and other strong men.

GUSTAVE WALTERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Gustave Walters is a prominent theatrical man, who is very popular on the Pacific Coast. At present he successfully directs the fortunes of the Orpheum Theatre, at San Francisco. A good likeness of Mr. Walters appears in this issue.

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

The Awful Fate of a Curious Young Woman.

WANTED TO SEE THE SHOW.

A Pretty Woman and a Prominent Doctor of East Buffalo, N. Y., Elope.

SHE TOOK HER HUSBAND'S MONEY.

They had a surprise out in La Grange, a Chicago suburb, the other night, and a young woman accomplished the amazement with one leg, thrust through the plaster ceiling of the schoolhouse where La Grange society was holding that fine old form of innocent church-members' entertainment known as a "district school." She did not mean to introduce either new features or unexpected anatomy into the proceedings, but by common consent she added greatly to the evening's entertainment, more, perhaps, than the ladies and gentlemen who had all of their physiology on the ground floor more or less covered and, as it were, esoteric, and left to the imagination.

What happened seems to have been this: La Grange society decided to hold a district school like they used to have in the old times before the war. Mr. Burkholder was appointed schoolmaster for the night, and everybody who was anybody in La Grange was there. There was Col. Dan Munn and Judge Horton and President Horton of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, G. J. Corey, Fred Titworth, of the Elgin Watch Company, J. W. Ward, and, in fact, all of the upper air and solar walk of La Grange, together with their sisters, cousins, aunts and relations by marriage, such as wives and mothers-in-law. They district schooled until district schooling palled upon repetition, and everybody was just beginning to wish that he had not come, when suddenly they were glad they had. There was a crack in the ceiling, then a crash, then a cloud of plaster dust, then a muffled scream, and then a distinctly feminine limb, which kept coming down and coming down, past the neat gaiter with rather a high heel, past the hosiery to the garter, until strong men shuddered and even the bravest held his breath for a time. The leg wiggled and displaced more plaster, which served some of the inhuman observers right, because it got into their eyes. Then it began to disappear, and finally was lost into the ceiling again, back into the enfolding mystery of the unknown whence it had come like a dove's wing in Owen Khayyam, that beat its way from night to night by the poet's fire.

After everybody had finished laughing an explanation was sought and furnished by a badly scared janitor. Some of his young lady friends wanted to see the show, so he had taken them up into the unfloored attic, where they could view it through the ventilator. The particular young woman who had so nearly broken into La Grange society was of a stout build and of an experimental bent of mind. He had told her not to tread on the laths between the joists, but she heeded him not, was worth the day, and if it had not been for the way in which she fell she would have arrived below. No, she was not hurt, and he would not tell her name. She was a good girl and she had already gone home crying.

Gossips in the neighborhood of Teutonia Park, East Buffalo, N. Y., have been discussing what they regard as the biggest sensation known in that section of Buffalo for years. The facts did not gain circulation until the other day, when they were reported to the police.

Dr. Samuel H. Lynde, a handsome young physician, whose office and residence were at 1294 Fillmore avenue, and Mrs. John Baker, a pretty woman of No. 102 French street, have eloped. This is the sensation, and the details are more than ordinarily interesting.

Mr. Baker and his young wife took up their residence at No. 102 French street five years ago, and at about the same time Dr. Lynde began the practice of medicine, with his office on Fillmore avenue, only three blocks distant. Two years later Mr. and Mrs. Baker's little boy was unfortunate enough to break one of his legs, and Dr. Lynde was called to attend him. During his visits to the Baker household he became better and better acquainted with both husband and wife, especially the latter, as Mr. Baker was at home only at night.

The neighbors say the doctor made unnecessary calls at the house while the husband was away, and it soon became evident that Dr. Lynde and Mrs. Baker's relations were more than of a friendly nature. They acted like lovers and were together a good share of the time during the day. After the boy, who was then seven years old, was able to use his limbs again, Mrs. Baker was a frequent caller at the doctor's house on Fillmore avenue. Then he bought a horse and buggy and the two often went driving together.

When the neighbors hinted to Mr. Baker that he'd better look after his wife more closely, he replied: "Oh, you're jealous. The doctor is a friend of both Mrs. Baker and myself. She goes driving with him because she is in delicate health and I am paying him for his services." After this the neighbors talked and gossiped among themselves and said no more to the husband, over whose eyes the wool had been so cleverly pulled. On Sunday Lynde would take Baker out for a drive and make a great deal of him, giving him expensive cigars and occasionally tickets to the theatre. Events went along in this manner until last week when the climax came in the form of an elopement. Mrs. Baker visited the doctor's house and together they packed his trunk. Before doing this Lynde sent his

housekeeper, Mrs. Oaks, away on an errand. When she returned the house was locked and she was unable to get in. She went to a neighbor's house and remained until 4 o'clock, when she saw one of Miller's baggage wagons driven up to the doctor's house and drive away again with a trunk and two big boxes.

After this Dr. Lynde and Mrs. Baker went away together and Mrs. Oaks has not seen them since. However, Dr. Lynde and Mrs. Baker were seen together at the latter's home and toward night one of Miller's wagons went there and carried away two trunks, one of which is supposed to have been Dr. Lynde's. An hour after this happened a carriage stopped in front of the Baker home and the doctor and Mrs. Baker went away in it. They have not been seen or heard of since. The carriage with its occupants has been traced to the Central Station and the runaway pair are thought to have gone to Chicago.

It is said that Dr. Lynde before leaving sold his practice, horse and buggy, instruments, books, etc., to Dr. Lavan, for \$300, and that he left several merchants at East Buffalo with good-sized bills against him. He took his medical diplomas with him and evidently intends to resume the practice of medicine wherever he has gone.

Mrs. Baker drew \$580 from one of the savings banks, which had been left her by a relative who died a short time ago. It is reported, too, that she took several hundred dollars belonging to her husband with which he intended to pay up the mortgage on their home. Some of the neighbors told the police the amount was \$1,700. Mrs. Oaks, the doctor's housekeeper, is left with nothing but her late employer's debts to pay and collectors keep the door-bell busy from morning until night. She has three small children to support and the house rent has not been paid for two months. Mrs. Baker was a member of the Women's Guild at the corner of Genesee and Hickory streets, and when not in Dr. Lynde's company was said to take a prominent part in church work.

People living in the vicinity of the doctor's late resi-

When the clerk got as far as this the judge stopped his reading and looked up with something like surprise in his eyes. The bar became hushed, while every eye that could be focused on the form in the dock was turned upon it with steady, unwavering intensity. Some put on their specs, while others removed them. All moved a little nearer to the clerk's desk. The persons in the seats at the rear crowded forward and hung themselves here and there over the bar rail.

"What did he say she was?" questioned one. "She's a man," responded his neighbor. "That's a woman all right," said a third, while a fourth was willing to let the matter rest by remarking, "I'm hanged if I know what it is."

The clerk continued his reading, which in effect was that the said Stella, alias Reginald, had defrauded the home out of three pounds of bread valued at 10 cents, and one pound of beef, valued at 25 cents, all the property of the said home. All this time the object of so much attention stood as straight as a statue before the palling. The hair, which is jet black, fell in a series of most bewitching curls down low over the forehead, whence, in graceful curves, it passed over either ear. From the crown of the head it fell in straight lines well down on the neck as far as the lower edge of the coat collar. That it had been cut within the year was apparent from its stiffness and length. A plentifully decorated hat, of the poke bonnet species, covered all. The eyes, full, dark and liquid, were shaded by pencilled brows and wavy lashes. They appeared to be ever in motion, and coquettishly flitted from object to object before and about the possessor. The face was a large one, regular in outline and pleasingly heightened by a studied application of rouge on either cheek. The nose was a perfect type of what artists are pleased to term Grecian, while the mouth was small and dimpled. The lips were red and ripe, and enclosed a perfect set of white, pearly teeth. The chin was pointed, small and feminine. The bust was full and rounded and the shoulders receding. A crepe de chine scarf was caught

cannot help looking upon this masquerading as a very serious matter. You want to go back?"

"O, yes. I am tired of Boston, Judge." After musing a while, his Honor finally said that he would continue the case. He fixed his or her bonds at \$200, and then he or she retired to the Tombs.

SHOT HIS STEPDAUGHTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A horrible murder was committed in the northeast section of Washington, D. C. Joseph A. Bean shot and killed his stepdaughter, Mrs. Annie L. Leahy, sending five bullets into her body. When the deed was done and she lay on the floor in a pool of blood, he kicked and stamped upon his dying victim. The noise of the shooting drew a number of citizens to the scene of the shooting, but the murderer held them at bay, threatening them with his still smoking revolver. Congressman George D. Melkeljohn, of Nebraska, who was on his way home from the Capitol, heard the shots, and hastening to the scene succeeded, unaided, in capturing the murderer. Bean is a carpenter by trade, but of late has been of dissolute habits, and for two months has not lived with his wife, who became tired of supporting him in idleness.

Bean went to the house and as soon as he was inside he commenced firing at Mrs. Leahy. The frightened woman turned and fled, leaving a trail of blood behind her. She took refuge in the kitchen, but the infuriated wretch kicked the door in, and while his victim cowered in the corner poured a volley of bullets at her from two pistols, holding one in either hand. The woman fell. Maddened by the sight of blood, the man fairly stamped upon her upturned face, with the ferocity of a wild beast. He then walked out of the house, reloading his pistols as he went. Meanwhile a crowd had gathered, and several policemen rushed to arrest the murderer, but he called to them that he would shoot the first who approached, and for a moment they hesitated. At this moment Congressman Melkeljohn appeared. He wears the Mason's charm, and Bean noticed it. "Are you a Mason?" he cried to the congressman. "Yes," answered the latter, approaching.

"So am I," shouted the murderer, "and a Grand Army man. I have killed a woman and they are trying to kill me. I want you to protect me."

While Bean was saying this the Congressman slipped around behind him and pinioned his arms. In a moment he gained possession of the weapons and handed them over to the police, who took Bean to the station. Mr. Melkeljohn then quietly continued his journey home. It is thought Bean is insane. He does not appear to regret his deed, which he says was an act of humanity.

FOUGHT IN THE GREENROOM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a fight in one of the dressing rooms at the Imperial Music Hall a few nights ago, in which two young women were the participants. Both perform in a burlesque, in which about thirty young women take part.

In one scene Miss Queenie Thornton and Miss Josephine Stewart are prominent figures. Later in the play they appear as part of a sextet and sing and dance.

The six young women dress in the same room, and they were awaiting their cue to appear upon the stage, when some one threw flour on Miss Thornton's hat. She is usually good-natured, but easily offended, and, while she did not know who was guilty of the act, she berated the other girls.

Just as the cue was given for the girls to leave their room and hold themselves in readiness to appear on the stage, all hands made a rush from the room. In getting out, Miss Thornton's hat was knocked from her head, and she, seeing Miss Stewart behind her and the hat badly injured, addressed her angrily.

Miss Stewart denied being the aggressor, and sharp words followed, until finally Miss Thornton struck Miss Stewart with her fist. The latter returned the blow, and in a second both women were engaged in a battle.

They pulled each other's hair, and the other girls in the dressing room screamed for help.

Charles B. Ward, a song writer, who plays the part of a tramp in the burlesque, and half a dozen others tried to separate the combatants, but they held on to each other's hair until Manager Kraus was called, and he soon separated the pugilists. He also settled the dispute by dismissing Miss Thornton and firing Miss Stewart.

WEDDED IN JAIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

James N. Bray, reputed son of an English army officer of high rank, arrived at the Ohio Penitentiary from Cleveland a few days ago. He came to that city a few months ago and purchased costly furniture on the installment plan, sold it, and without paying for it, went to Houston, Tex., where he was arrested.

The arrest interfered with his marriage there to Miss Grace Hugo, but she followed him to Cleveland and the wedding took place in the jail. The young man's father sent him \$300 to square matters, and while the firm he had beaten was willing to settle, the Prosecutor would not allow it. Wealthy and influential citizens vainly tried to save the accused. They will try to secure a pardon for him from Gov. McKinley.

HARRY L. SMITH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Harry L. Smith is a well-known sporting man who hails from the South. At present, he is located at Easton, Pa. He has a large amount of confidence in Corbett and is willing to bet any amount of the champion.

The Boston Athletic Association has requested Manager Cornish, of the Chicago Athletic Association, to select a team of boxers to represent the city of Chicago at its annual boxing tournament, to be held on January 19. The Bostonians will offer the winner of each bout a handsome trophy, besides meeting the expenses of the team.

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SHE BROKE THROUGH THE CEILING.

dence tell some shocking stories of what they have seen going on in the house when Mrs. Baker was there. Had the curtains been of thicker material, and the light turned lower, perhaps the facts would be known only to those directly concerned, but evidently the doctor didn't think far enough to take the precautions which he would have had he known what a successful pair of pantomimists he and Mrs. Baker were. When Baker lost his job at the Wagner Car Works a short time ago, Dr. Lynde secured another for him at Depew. Mr. Baker is doing all he can to find a trace of his runaway wife and the police are assisting him.

Dr. Lynde is a tall, fair-faced man about 30 years old. He has light hair, which he parts in the middle, and always dresses well. He is a smooth talker and a pleasant man to meet. He is a graduate of the Buffalo University of Medicine, and is well-known.

Mrs. Baker, while not handsome, is a good looking brunette, with dark eyes and hair. She has been married about 12 years and is 31 years old.

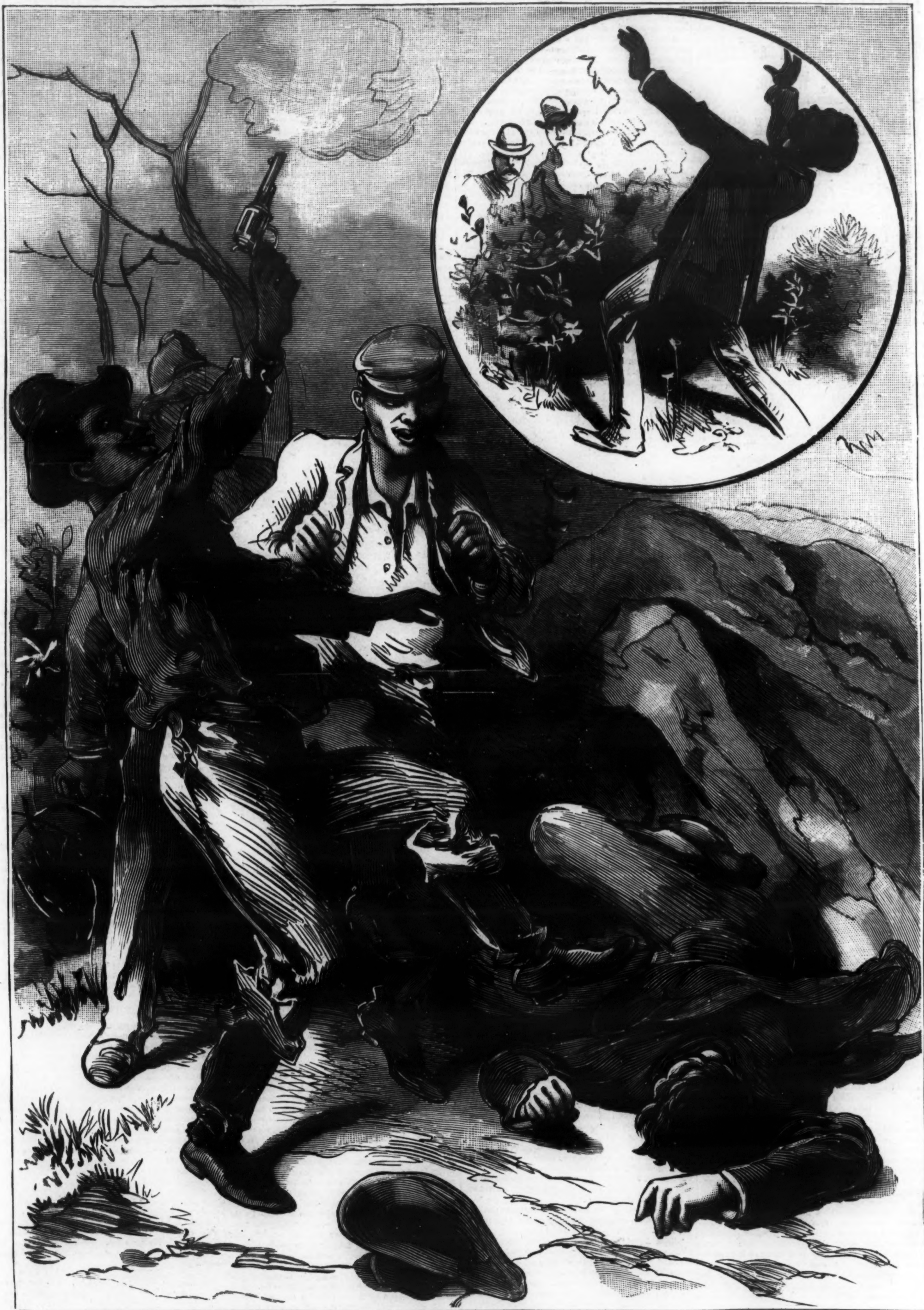
"Stella Angel!" As clerk Ingalls called the name in a Boston, Mass., courtroom, a female form divine rose out of the blackness of the pit until the small ribs came to the level of the dock palling. There it stopped and awaited the further pleasure of the clerk.

Judge Burke kept on reading some papers which a moment or so before had been passed to him by one of the attending policemen. Persons within the bar inclosure, scarcely noticing the words of the clerk, carried on a lively conversation in a low voice, while the less favored habitues of the municipal court yawned and dozed on the benches on either side of the department of justice.

"Stella Angel," continued the clerk, adjusting his glasses and reading from a complaint which he held in his hand, "you are charged with going to the temporary home for women, on the 9th inst., with the intent to cheat and defraud the said home. Being a male, and wearing the paraphernalia of a woman, you represented to the clerk that you were a woman, and gave the name of Stella Angel, whereas your true name is Reginald Culton."

AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE.

By Paul de Kock, one of the most famous French authors, No. 10 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Illustrated with 53 unique pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



A REIGN OF TERROR.

BANDS OF BOTH RACES CONFRONT EACH OTHER IN GEORGIA AND A BATTLE IS IMMINENT--NEGROES HOWL WITH GLEE OVER ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS AND VOW TO KILL OTHERS.



SHE USED HER PISTOL.

A PLUCKY PITTSBURG GIRL CALMLY HOLDS AT BAY A CROWD OF JEERING WOMEN, AT ELWOOD, PA.



A MODERN DON JUAN.

AN IRATE GIRL FORCES A GAY AND FESTIVE PHYSICIAN TO ELOPE WITH HER, AT LEBANON, IND.

IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD

**Joe Choyinski and Tommy Ryan
Going to England.**

THE DIXON AND GRIFFO FIGHT

**Fitzsimmons' Arrangements For Training
For His Match Completed.**

CREEDON TO MEET PETER BERNAU.

The final fight between Mike Leonard and Charley Barnett has been declared off.

Jim Daly and Frank Moynihan have been matched to fight 10 rounds on Jan. 15 in Jamestown, N. Y.

The glove fight between Ted Fritchard and Dick Burgess is to be decided in the National Sporting Club, London, on Feb. 18.

Stanton Abbott and Jimmy Handier are to fight to a finish at the Eureka Athletic Club, of Washington, D. C., Jan. 15.

Charley Blusher is matched to fight Kid Hogan 10 rounds for an \$800 purse. The fight is to take place in Cincinnati on Jan. 8.

The Cribb Club, of Boston, will shortly hold another contest in which Joe Walcott and Billy Smith will very likely be the stars.

Casper Leon, who recently gave Sam Barry the best battle he ever fought, has challenged Barry to fight to a finish for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

Joe Howard offers to back Sammy Meyers, the local bantam weight, against any 105 pound boxer in America to a finish for \$500 a side.

Tom O'Rourke says that Dixon will weigh about 135 pounds when he fights young Griffio, before the Seaside Athletic Club, on January 19.

Ginger Stewart, one of the best lightweight boxers in England, has been matched to fight Arthur Valentine for £100 a side and a purse.

Mike Haley is in Paris. He writes that he has found a boxer who possesses great fighting abilities, and he intends bringing him to this country.

Jerry Marshall and Jimmy Dime have been matched to fight before the Seaside Athletic Club of Coney Island on the night of the Dixon-Griffio "go."

Pat Daly, the American boxer, who is in London, and Harry Nickless are to be matched for £300 a side, that is, if Mike Haley finds the £300 for Daly.

There is talk here of several big matches in the rings of the Seaside and Atlantic Clubs in the near future, but there is no certainty of their taking place.

Advices from the "Police Gazette" correspondent at St. Louis state that it appears that Peter Jackson is still under the management of Parson Davies.

Johnnie Van Heest and Billy Smith, the featherweight pugilists, were arraigned as vagabonds in the Police Court in Buffalo last week and ordered to leave town.

Tommy Kelly, the "Harlem Spider," and J. Macieuski, have been matched to fight ten rounds. The bout is scheduled to take place in Cincinnati, Ohio, soon.

Tom Williams, of Australia, and Lachie Thomson, the Scotch champion, are to be matched for £300 a side and a purse. The match should be a gift for Williams.

Eugene Hornbacher offers to fight Danny McBride a limited number of rounds or to a finish before the New York or Atlantic Athletic Club for a suitable purse.

Martin Denny, the Australian lightweight, who offers to meet any boxer in the world at 130 pounds, is soon to come to this country to be matched with Jimmy Dime.

Mick Dunne, of Australia, says that unless he can get something to do quickly he will sail for England. He is willing to box any 150 pound man now before the public.

The contest between Tom Brown and Harry Cross has been declared off by the club, as Brown could not get to weight, and the club would not agree to let him box at catch weights.

George Dixon, of Boston, and Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, have been matched to fight in May next for \$1,000 and the championship. The place of the meeting has not been decided upon.

Jack Hall, of Australia, who was knocked out by Joe Walcott in 25 seconds in Madison Square Garden, a little over a year ago, defeated Alf Denecour in 4 rounds in London on Dec. 6.

Jack Hanley, the Philadelphia lightweight, has requested Billy Madden to match him against any 135-pound pugilist for a purse and stake, the contest to take place before the Buffalo Athletic Club.

Horace M. Leeds will not secure many matches, for he will not fight anyone unless the stakes are \$3,500 or \$5,000 a side. If he would fight for \$1,000 a side he would not be long looking for a match.

Dick Burge has issued a challenge to fight any man in the world at 145 pounds for £500 or £1,000 a side. He will agree to fight in America if he is guaranteed £100 for expenses, whether he fights or not.

Jimmy Dime, the Loominster boxer, does not have a high opinion of the boxing abilities of Jerry Sullivan, of Worcester, for he offers to stop him in 3 rounds if the friends of Sullivan will only make a good wager.

Billy Madden is going to send to England for Arthur Valentine. The latter is one of the best lightweights in England, and he recently issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 135 pounds, for £200 a side.

There was a glove fight at Alexandersville, Ohio, recently, between Harry Long and Calvin Forsythe, heavyweight amateur of Dayton. Long knocked out Forsythe in the third round. The winner got the gate receipts, \$75.

Fred Johnson, the ex-champion featherweight of England, is ready to meet Jerry Marshall, winner to take all the purse. Johnson will meet Dave Wallace in the National Sporting Club, London, the last week of January.

The Weir, the Belfast Spider, has been offered the position of collector for a Boston brewery. He probably will accept, though he would like to have another go with some of the noted featherweights before taking the position.

Jack Flannigan, of Wellington, Kings Co., Washington Territory, has forwarded a challenge to the Police Gazette to fight any man west of the Rocky Mountains for \$1,000 a side. Flannigan is better known as Liverpool Jack.

Jack Grace and "California" Jack Dempsey are going to fight to a finish for \$1,000 a side and a purse on Jan. 12. The men will weigh in at the riagnade at 136 pounds. The battle will be decided near Kensington, Philadelphia.

At New Orleans, Dec. 27, Kid Lavigne and party were discharged by Judge Aubola on the finding of the Coroner's jury that Bowen, the prize fighter, had met his death by concussion of the brain produced by striking the unpadding floor of the ring.

Peter Bernau, the Texas pugilist, who is matched to fight Dan Creedon to a finish on January 19, had a three-round argument with Steve O'Donnell in Galveston on Dec. 25. In the third round O'Donnell nearly finished Bernau.

Charley Skelly, of Brooklyn, and Jack Bates, of New York, fought to a finish with small gloves on Dec. 26, near New York. Skelly won a deserved victory in the seventh round by knocking out Bates with a left-hander on the chin.

Billy Ahearn says: "All the 135-pound boxers are afraid to fight me for \$500 to \$1,000. Jim McCabe, my backer, does not bar any of them. Any boxer wanting to meet me at 135 pounds has only to put up a deposit, and the match can be arranged."

Kid Hogan, of Pittsburgh, who defeated Bud Lally, before the West End Athletic Club, and Charley Blusher, the well-known lightweight, of Louisville, are to meet before the West End Athletic Club in a ten-round glove contest on the evening of Jan. 8.

Jim Kendrick, the veteran boxer, of England, who met Jack Magee at the Bay State Club, in this city, several years ago, is giving the game another try. He entered in a competition in London recently and won one bout, but lost in the semi-finals.

The Victor Athletic Club, of Tacoma, Wash., through its president, J. E. McIntyre, has authorized an offer of \$2,500 for a fight to a finish between George F. Green (Young Corbett) and Jack McLaughlin, the match to take place during February next.

The Seaside Athletic Club expects to make the Young Griffio and George Dixon contest a big success. O'Rourke says Dixon defeated Young Griffio when they met in Boston but did not receive a fair decision. He is confident that Dixon will get fair play this time.

Peter Jackson laughs at what he terms Frank Craig's assurance in challenging him to a fight. He says Craig has never defeated a good second-class heavyweight, and if he did agree to arrange a match with Craig the sporting public would look upon it as a non-sensational match.

Dick Baker, of Laurel Hill, and Danny Ryan, of Greenpoint, L. I., "we old rivals, met Dec. 26, in Brooklyn, in a hot contest. Both men fought hard, Baker being exceptionally strong and clever. A blow in the wind in the seventeenth round knocked all the fighting out of Ryan.

The veteran Jim Macs, of England, ex-champion of the world, must be in a bad way financially, for he has decided to sell all the trophies that were presented to him when he was the kingpin of the arena. The other day a part of them were sold at auction in London for a little over \$250.

Dick Moore has returned to Boston from England. He was treated well by the English sporting people, and expects to make another trip to England. He makes no excuses for his defeat at the hands of Jerry Driscoll, and he has been offered another chance to meet Driscoll, which he has not yet decided to accept.

There is considerable talk of matching Jack Everhardt, the lightweight champion of the South, against George Lavigne, of Saginaw, the winner of the Lavigne-Bowen fight. Everhardt is now under the management of Henry Wenger, and Wenger is as anxious as Everhardt to get on a match with any lightweight.

Recently at Coolgardie, Australia, Herbert McKell, a lightweight, boxed Tom Lees, the ex-champion heavyweight of Australia, in a six-round bare knuckle contest. The men are now matched to meet in a finish battle for a purse. McKell is only a youngster and is looked upon as a coming man in the far-off land.

Jack McLaughlin says he will post a forfeit and issue a challenge to fight any lightweight in the world. He also says that the Atlantic Athletic Club will probably adopt a new policy in holding their tournaments hereafter. A certain number of tickets will be issued, and only the best patrons of the ring will receive them. In this way McLaughlin believes that the club will prosper.

Dan Creedon has signed articles for a match with Peter Bernau before the Galveston (Texas) Athletic Club for an unlimited round glove contest, at catch weights, for \$5,000. Creedon is ready to enter the ring now at 168 pounds, but will go into training. Bernau is an unbeaten man and weighs, when untrained, 190 pounds. Colonel John D. Hopkins, Creedon's backer, negotiated the match and says there will be no balk or interference.

The gold watch that Tom Hayes, the noted English boxer, presented to John C. Heenan, the pride of America, was found recently in the window of a London pawnshop by an English sporting man. Heenan died in this country, and the sports of England are wondering how it found its way in such a place. Some believe it was stolen after his death, while others think that, not being in the best of circumstances, he may have parted with it.

James F. Carroll, sparring instructor at the Mexican National Athletic Club, has issued a challenge to fight any lightweight in the world, Jack McLaughlin preferred, for a limited number of rounds or to a finish, in any country, Mexico preferred. A forfeit of \$1,000 in gold has been placed in the hands of F. Porter to back the challenge. Carroll will also back his twelve-year-old son, weighing fifty pounds, against any fifty-pound boy in the world for any amount.

On Dec. 26 in Pittsburgh Jerry Marshall, of Pittsburgh, and Jerry Sullivan, of Boston, fought for a purse of \$250 with skin tight gloves. At the end of the fourth round Marshall was in bad shape, while Sullivan was fresh. Marshall's backer was the referee, and ordered three more rounds, in each of which Marshall was terribly punished. The referee wanted to order another round, but Sullivan's friends refused to allow him to fight any further. The referee then awarded the fight to Marshall. Sullivan's backer challenged Marshall to a finish fight for \$1,000 a side.

Tommy Ryan, of Chicago, and Jack Dempsey have been made an offer to fight in the Atlantic Athletic Club. Eddie Stoddard, the matchmaker of the club, has made them a very suitable offer—said to be \$5,000, for 15 rounds—to fight before the Atlantic's guests on Jan. 12. Another offer has been made them to fight with skin gloves in private. Dempsey has wired his acceptance of the latter offer. There are 300 clubmen in New York who have agreed to put up \$25 each to see Dempsey and Ryan fight in private. If the men agree Capt. Joe Early will look after the arrangements and see that it is pulled off in proper style.

The glove fight between Owen Zigler and Charley McKeever at Philadelphia, Dec. 22, was a well contested affair and one of the best bouts ever seen in Philadelphia. As there was no decision announced, the spectators are divided in their opinion as to which had the better of it. Zigler did most of the leading in the first two rounds, and had somewhat the better of it up to the last half of the third, when the tide of fortune turned in McKeever's favor. McKeever had decidedly the better of the fourth round, which was a minute too soon in order to avoid anything like a knockout. John F. Kohart was master of ceremonies.

Joe McLaughlin, the Mission boy, whose last important essay in the prize ring was fighting a draw with Peter Maher, is eager to meet any pugilist in the world in a glove contest to a finish for a purse and a stake of \$1,000 a side. McLaughlin has increased his avowals, and now weighs 235 pounds. He writes: "Since I have been back on the Slope I have recuperated and I believe possess the science and endurance to defeat any man in the world, and I am ready to enter the ring against Jackson, Slavin or Peter Maher either in this country or in England, and my backer will furnish stakes from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. I should like to hear from either Slavin or Jackson, for I am confident they both would have to meet a different man than when they defeated me."

Bob Fitzsimmons, the middleweight champion, has already completed his arrangements for training for his coming championship battle with champion James J. Corbett. Fitz will start in to prepare for the fight on Jan. 15. He has secured Corbett's old training quarters at Astor Park. Corbett, for some reason or other, has fallen out with the proprietor of "the Farm," and the latter has become very friendly with Fitzsimmons. Mrs. Fitzsimmons will do all the cooking herself during Bob's training, and there will be no chance of his being "doped." Charley White, of New York, and Billy Fitzsimmons, of Philadelphia, Bob's brother, will train him. Jack Dempsey will be general adviser and a heavyweight boxer will be secured to spar with Fitz daily.

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An effort is now being made to raise the \$10,000 necessary to defray the expenses of the Cornell crew during its proposed trip to England.

Henry Sehmhl, the champion long-distance pedestrian of America, has been matched to walk from New Orleans to Chicago in twenty-five days.

The National League received less than \$5,000 for protection and reservation in 1894 and paid out not less than \$12,000 for release of reserved players.

John Webster, the famous wing-shot of Manchester, Eng., has issued a challenge to shoot at 100 Blue Rocks, 30 yards rise, London Gun Club rules, against any man in America, for £200 a side.

At Indianapolis, on Dec. 27, the Presidents of the colleges in Indiana, at a meeting held in that place, decided to prohibit inter-collegiate football games in the future. Only exhibition sports will be allowed.

Henry Peterson, the single-scul champion of the Pacific Coast, has challenged Jake Gaudaur to row three miles, with a turn, for a purse of \$1,000, the "Police Gazette" cup and the championship of America.

The Gravesend Athletic Association has elected the following officers: Arthur Wright, president; Harry Merrif, treasurer; W. H. Van Riper, secretary; Christopher Warnke and D. S. Van Riper, trustees.

Tom McMahon, of Detroit, and Bob Manning, of Grand Rapids, wrestled at Lansing, Mich., for \$500 and the championship of Michigan, best three in five. Manning was clearly outclassed, McMahon winning in three straight falls.

The billiard tournament between Fournell and Gallagher in New York ended in the Frenchman winning. The grand total, 3,000; average 16 6-11, best run 159, and Gallagher's score was total score 330; grand total, 1,431; average 10 2-3, best run 41.

George Grant, of Plymouth, Ind., the long-distance champion runner of Indiana has forwarded a challenge to J. J. Engledrum or any man in Indiana from any distance from five to twenty miles, or six days, two hours a day, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

Meredith Stanley, the champion bridge jumper of Cincinnati, has issued a challenge to jump Steve Brodie from the Poughkeepsie bridge, with or without a parachute; or he will make a match with Brodie to jump off all five of the Ohio River bridges.

James McCabe called at the "Police Gazette" office on Dec. 26 and posted \$100 forfeit to match an unknown to wrestle Al Ullman, the lightweight champion wrestler, at 135 pounds, give or take 3 pounds, for \$300 a side. The style to be catch-as-catch-can.

Advices from England says that William Buglas, was fatally injured at Sheriff Hill, near Gateshead, during a football match between Blaydon and Lowthill. Deceased, who was one of the Blaydon team, was charged by an opponent, who struck him in the abdomen with his knee.

M. Woolley has been elected captain of the Lake Forest University football eleven of Chicago. Woolley has played with the team for the last four years. His position has been tackle, although for part of one season he played guard, and he has seldom found his equal among western college men.

It is said that the Brooklyn Jockey Club Handicap for next year will be a \$10,000 guaranteed stake. It was not to be expected that the association could under present circumstances keep it up to \$25,000. All the stakes given will be on the guaranteed system, viz., four for two-year-olds, of \$2,500 each, and handicaps of \$2,500 each.

Varnier, the strong man of France, is to sail for America on January 27. He stands 5 feet 6 1/2 inches; chest measurement, 49 1/2 inches; weight, 15 stone. On his arrival in America he will deposit \$100 with Police Gazette and challenge Randow, Sampson, and Cyr, the American champion, and sign a contract with Prof. Otto Kohler who will be his manager.

The nine days' bicycle tournament came to an end at Industrial Hall, Philadelphia, on Dec. 23 when the six days' race was concluded. Charles Ashinger, of New York, was the winner; the second man was Fred Forster, the German long-distance champion, and the third Joseph Gannon, of New York. The score was: Ashinger, 1,360; Forster, 1,285; Gannon, 1,067.

At Chicago the billiard game between E. L. Milburn, of the Irving Club, and J. D. Adams, of the Chicago Cycling Club, for the championship emblem, took place recently. Milburn won, running out the game on the thirty-eighth inning. The score: Milburn—Total, 300. Average, 5 10-38; high run, 25. Adams—Total, 106. Average, 4; high run 26.

Evan Lewis, the Strangler, in reply to the challenge of Tom Connors, of Ashton, the champion wrestler of England, writes that he will arrange a home-and-home match with the English champion—one to take place in England and the other in this country—for \$2,500 a side each match, and catch-as-catch-can rules to govern, the first contest to take place in Chicago and the second at Manchester, England.

At Memphis, Tenn., on Dec. 25, a fight took place between Jack, a 35-pound bulldog of Denver, and a Memphis dog, Bob, weighing 35 pounds. The match was for \$150 a side. The Denver dog had everything his own way in the first part of the fight, but near the close the Memphis dog got a neck hold on Jack that came near finishing the contest, and so weakened the Denver dog that the best he could do was to make a draw in one hour and forty minutes. A second meeting has been arranged to come off in five weeks.

Advices from Cambridge, Mass., state that Harvard College crew first eight is made up as follows: Strokes, Stevenson; 7, Hennessy; 6, Shepard; 5, Duffield; 4, Townsend; 3, Lewis; 2, Ballard; bow, Forbes. The men have received the benefit of Mr. Hammond's practical advice. He has especially warned them on the scientific causes for each movement of the body and arms, and has cautioned them not to fall into the habit of making the stroke too long, thus wasting strength and retarding the progress of the boat.

Prof. Harry Menier who, under the management of the Police Gazette and Harry Webb, jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge, New York, with a parachute, jumped from the highest point of the Poughkeepsie Bridge, 217 feet above water with a parachute, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Dec. 25. He represented himself as a theatrical advance agent and registered at the Morgan House and retired early. He was accompanied by a friend and S. J. Henry, of Brooklyn. He waited to the middle of the structure at noon, and a large crowd watched him from the shore. He stood for some time arranging his parachute, then he jumped clear of the bridge. The parachute did not fill until he was within fourteen feet of the water.

He wore a rubber suit, and struck the water lightly, and dumbled up as if injured. He was taken from the water by two young men he had hired.

Charles Corey, the champion checker player of Dayton, Ky., challenges Charles Federer, James Cosgrave or Will Jones, of Newport, Ky., for a series of games, purse place, etc., to be hereafter mutually agreed upon.

Richard Croker, in an interview recently, said that after his return from Florida, probably some time in March, he would go to England, where he expects to be interested in racing. He will send five of his horses across in January, including Dobbin and Montank, the last named an entry for the Derby. Mike Dwyer's colt Harry Reed will also be sent over. The purpose of sending them over so early, Mr. Croker said, is to get the animals acclimated. The first races in which any of them will probably run will be at Newmarket. Mr. Croker said that he will also race horses in the United States during the season of 1895.

The record made recently by K. Klein, the Harvard College senior and strong man was remarkable. Klein broke the college figures for strength, his record being far in excess of any man ever examined before by Dr. Sargent. According to the latter's system of measurements, a man who gets a record above 1,000 kilograms is considered exceptionally strong. Klein made a mark of 1,445.6 kilograms, his nearest competitor being G. W. Cutler, a medical student, with 1,097.8 kilograms. Not only is he by far the giant of Harvard, but of all the other colleges as well, his record being far better than that of Nash of Tufts College, another record-breaker. Klein's total strength, lungs, legs, back, forearms, and upper arms, 1,445.6 kilograms, is equal to 3,189.33 pounds. It is interesting to compare this record with that of H. R. Nash, who recently broke the record at Tufts College. The latter's total was only 2,865 pounds, or 1,302 kilograms, a long way short of Klein's record.

The League of American Wheelmen racing board has accepted the records of John Johnson made at Chillicothe, O. The following are the records which have been approved: One-half mile—Flying start, against time. Time, 51 3/5; made by John S. Johnson at Chillicothe, O.

One-quarter of a mile—Flying start, against time. Time, 2:33; made by Charles Callahan, H. A. Seary, Patrick O'Connor and W. H. Rhodes on a quadruplet at Chillicothe, O.

One-fifth of a mile—Standing start, against time. Time, :39; made by John S. Johnson at Chillicothe, O.

One-half mile—Standing start, against time. Time, :55 1/5; made by John S. Johnson at Chillicothe, O.

One-quarter of a mile—Flying start, against time. Time, :33; made by Louis A. Callahan, Charles M. Murphy and A. D. Kennedy on a triplet at Chillicothe, O.

"POLICE GAZETTE" SPECIAL CABLES.

The following special cables were received at the Police Gazette office during the week:

LONDON, Dec. 23, 1894.

Frank Craig,



WILLIAM CRUSH.

THE EFFICIENT GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT OF THE MISSOURI, KANSAS AND TEXAS RAILROAD, OF TEXAS.



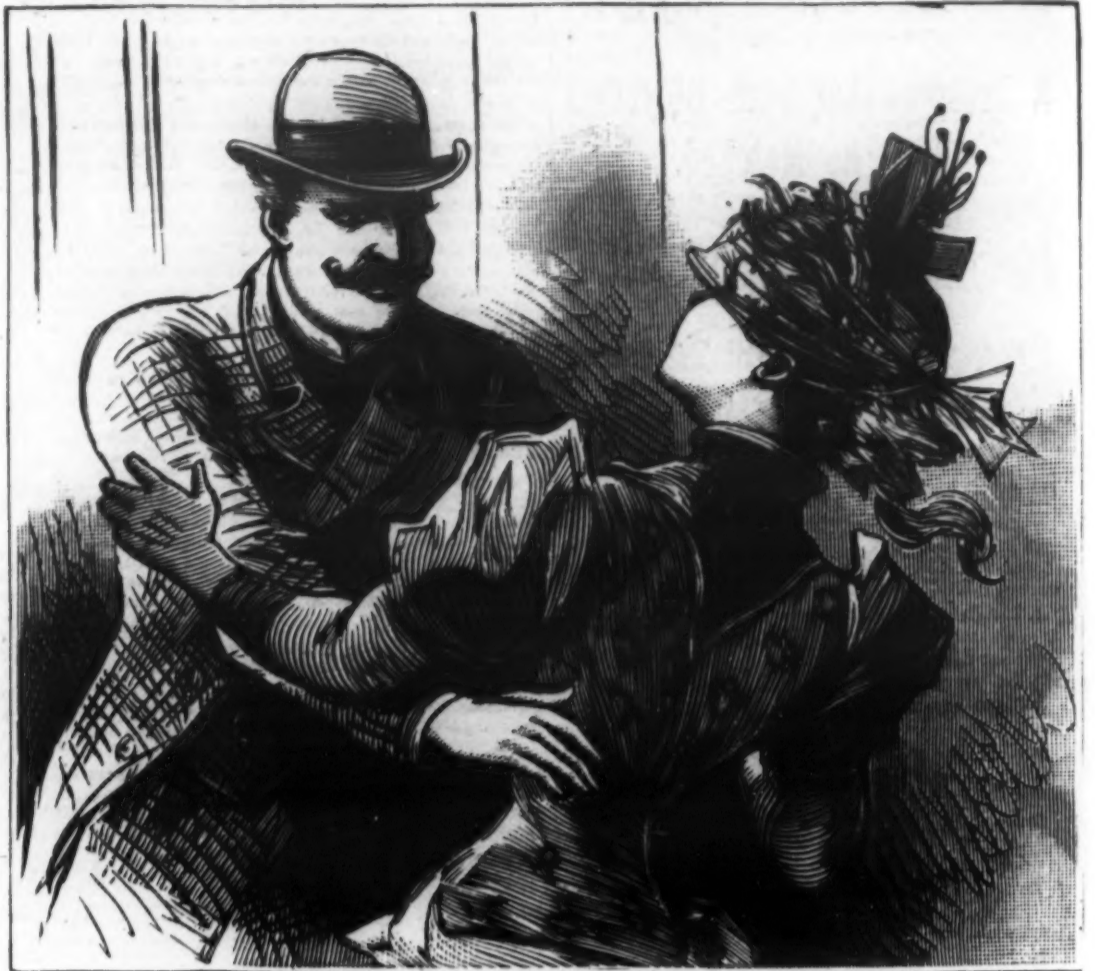
GUSTAVE WALTERS.

THE GENIAL AND WELL-LIKED GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ORPHEUM THEATRE, AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



HARRY L. SMITH.

A PROMINENT SOUTHERN SPORTING MAN, WHO IS VERY ANXIOUS TO BET ANY AMOUNT ON JAMES CORBETT.



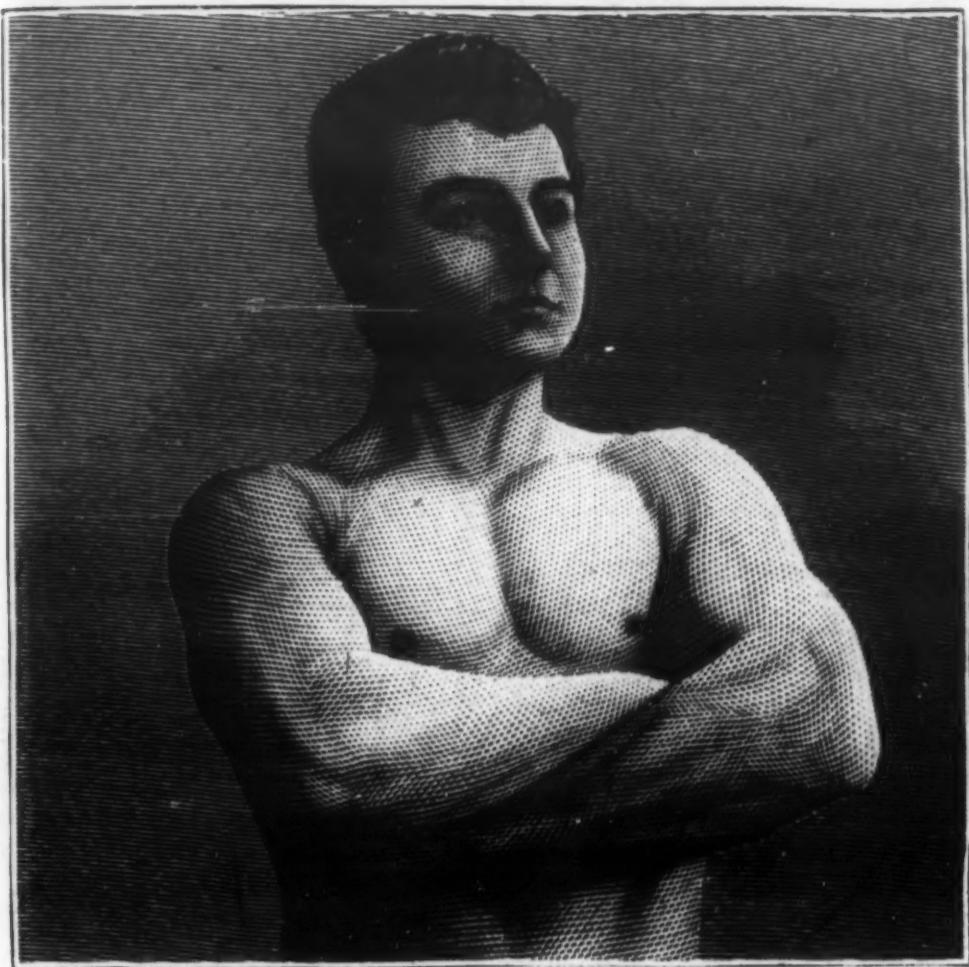
"JACK THE HUGGER."

HE TERRORIZES THE YOUNG WOMEN OF WILMINGTON, DEL., AND THE POLICE ARE MAKING VIGOROUS EFFORTS TO CATCH THE FELLOW.



A BRAVE YOUNG WOMAN.

SHE HAS A DESPERATE FIGHT WITH A BOLD ROBBER AND SAVES THE FUNDS IN HER CHARGE, AT BONNER SPRINGS, KAN.



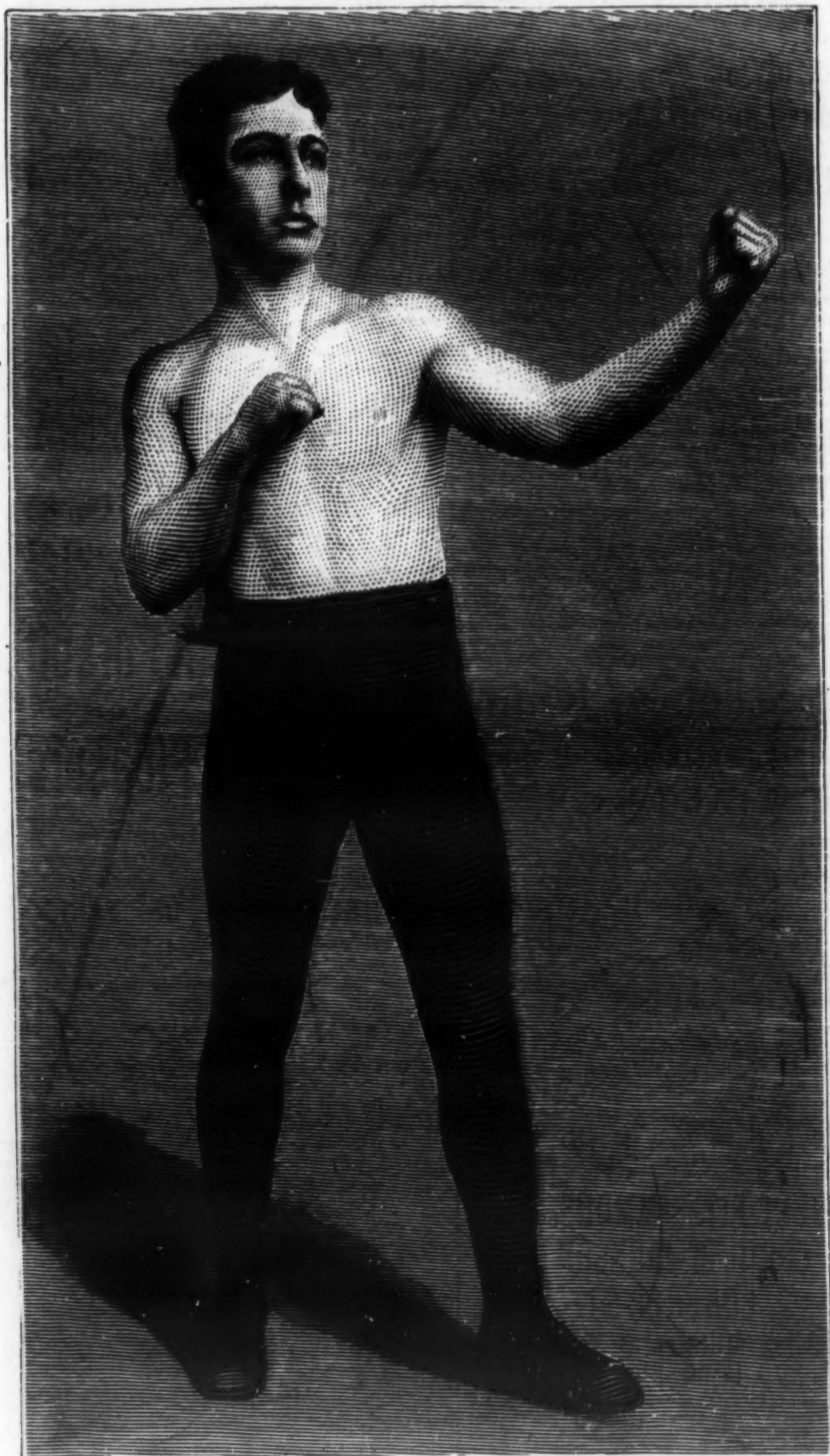
CARL VICTOR.

AN AMATEUR WEIGHT-LIFTER OF EVANSVILLE, IND., WHO IS AT PRESENT THE REPUTED CHAMPION OF THE HOOSIER STATE.



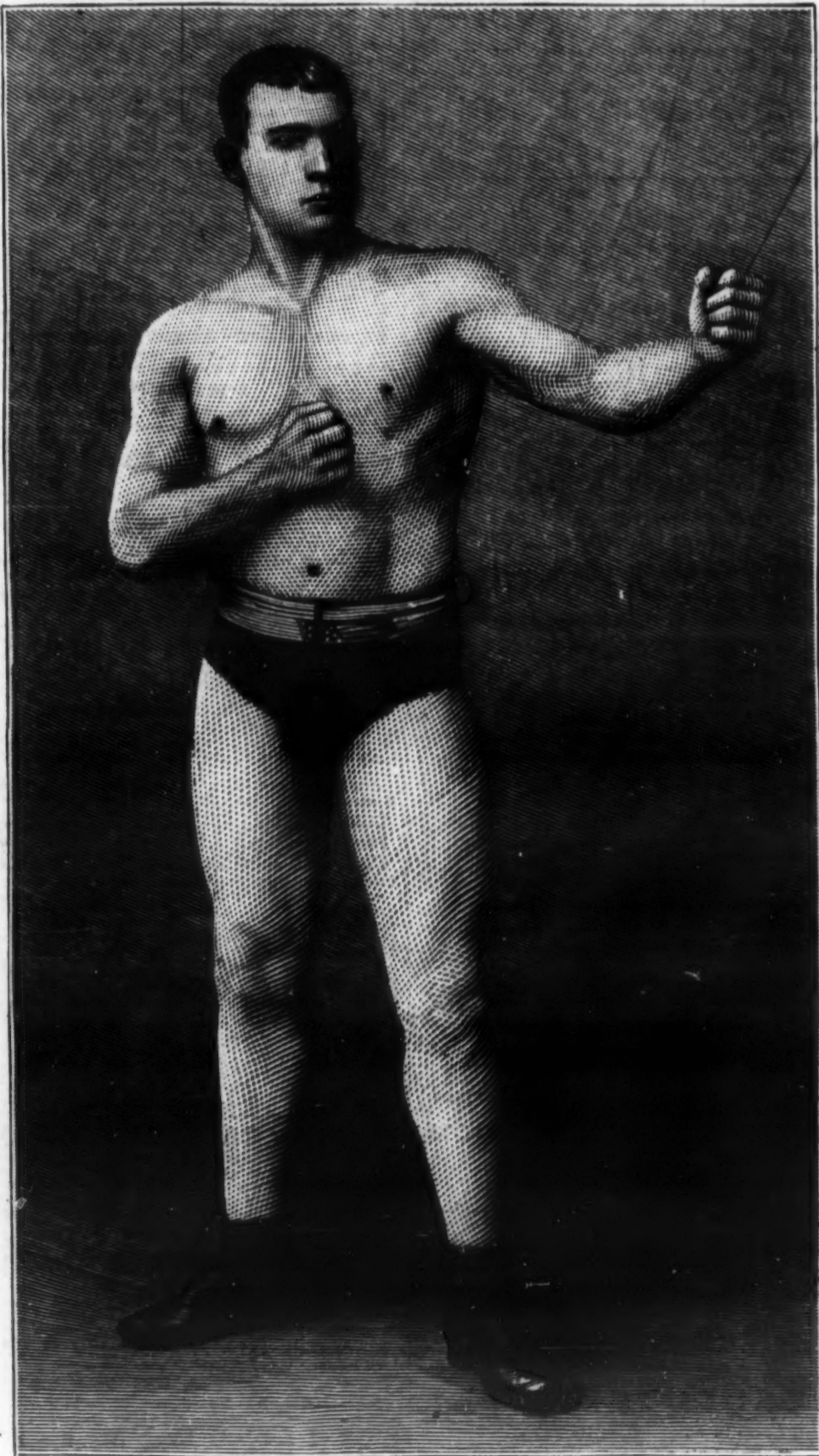
CHARLES T. MAHONEY.

A NOTED SPORTING MAN OF NEW YORK CITY, WHO IS FAMOUS THE COUNTRY OVER AS A BACKER OF GAME FIGHTING DOGS.



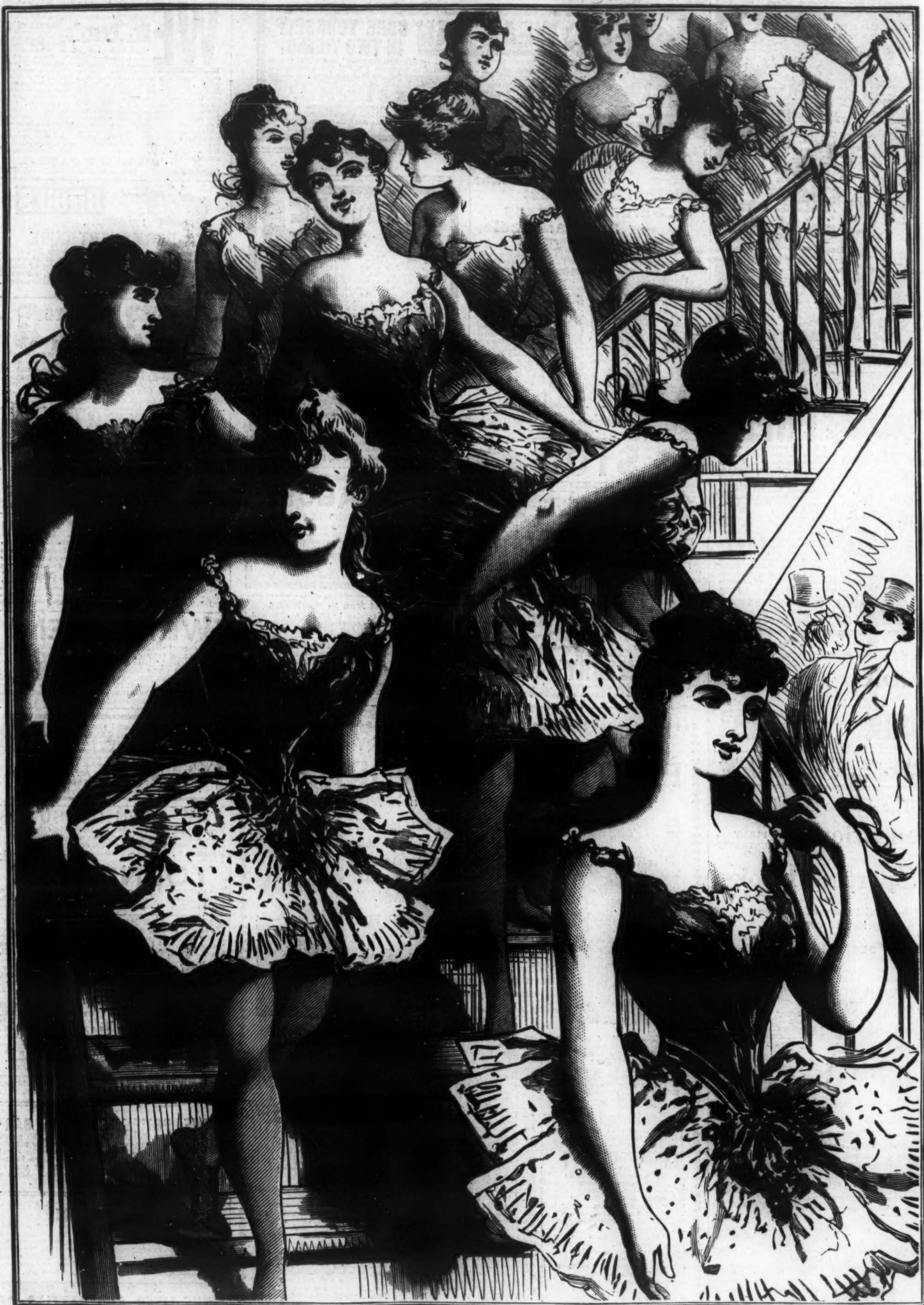
GEORGE F. GREENE.

A CLEVER LIGHT-WEIGHT, BETTER KNOWN AS "YOUNG CORBETT," WHO IS SEEKING TO GET ON A MATCH WITH JACK M'AULIFFE.



THOMAS SHARKEY.

THE CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY WHO IS NOW ABOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "PHILADELPHIA."



PRETTY BALLET SYLPHS.

THE CHARMING DANCERS, WHO EXHIBIT THEIR EXQUISITE PERSONS FOR THE DELECTATION OF THE PATRONS OF MUSIC AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE IN GOTHAM.